

HOW BINNACLE JIM AND BILL BECAME HEROES



1. "They never wus many fellers got th' best o' old Cap Walrus, but I mind once when th' 'Dancin' Sal' 'us-layin' off Madagascar, Bill an' me fooled th' old man good. It come about like this: We wus behind th' deck house when we overheard th' Cap dickerin' with a native king, which looked suspicious t' us, as th' feller had in tow th' ugliest goriller you ever slapped your two eyes on.



2. "Knowin' th' old man purty well, Bill an' me reckoned 'at he'd shipped that critter fer no good, an' bein' sly, we rigged up a scheme o' self-defence; an' so afore we raised anchor Bill went ashore an' got one o' them sleepin' powders what they use t' shanghai sailors with, an' th' day we set sail we had Davy Jones mix it in that brute's mess unbeknownst.



3. "Sure enough, we hadn't been out two hours afore th' capt'n rushed on deck singin' out as how they wus a stow-away in th' cabin, an' callin' fer two o' th' bravest seamen t' volunteer t' clear th' ship. Bill an' me wusn't slow t' step for'ard, as we'd sent th' parrut below previous, an' she'd reported th' critter groggy.



4. "We noticed old Cap Walrus grinnin' up 'is sleeve when we started fer th' companion ladder, but we put on a bold face an' went below pertendin' t' be full o' fight, but you can bet we felt better when we found that ere powder 'ad stopped th' poor beast's heart action, an' they wusn't no danger from that quarter.



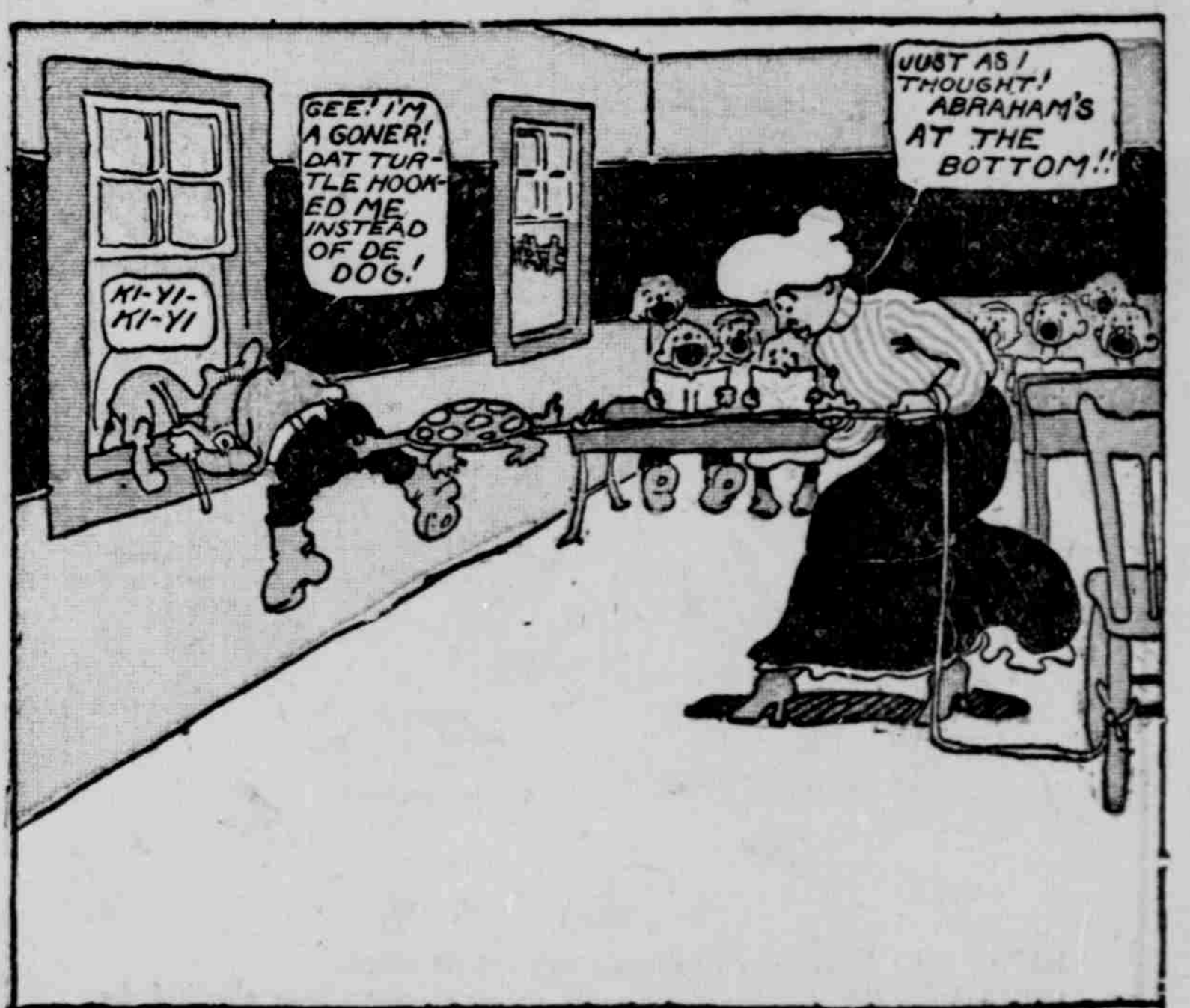
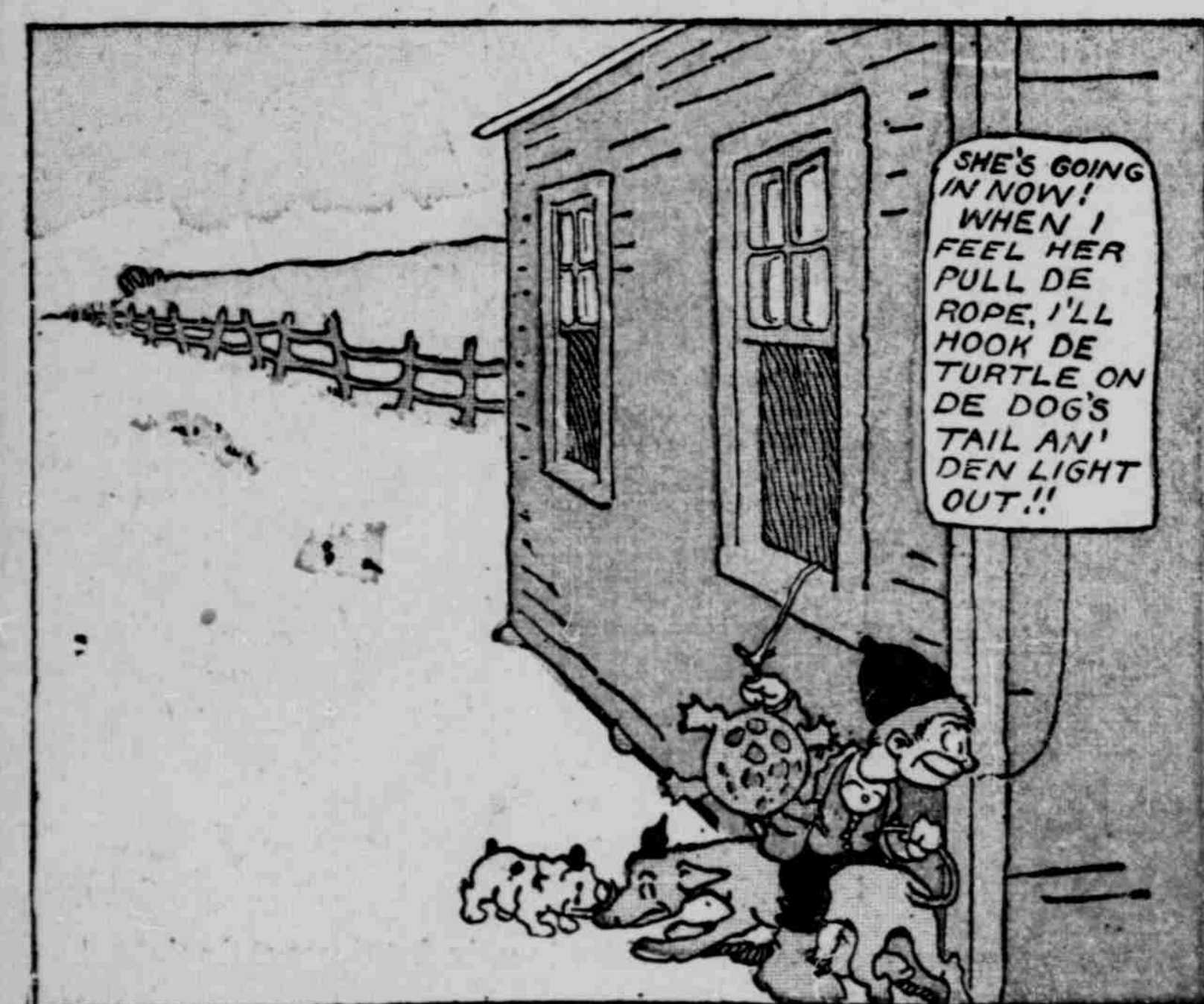
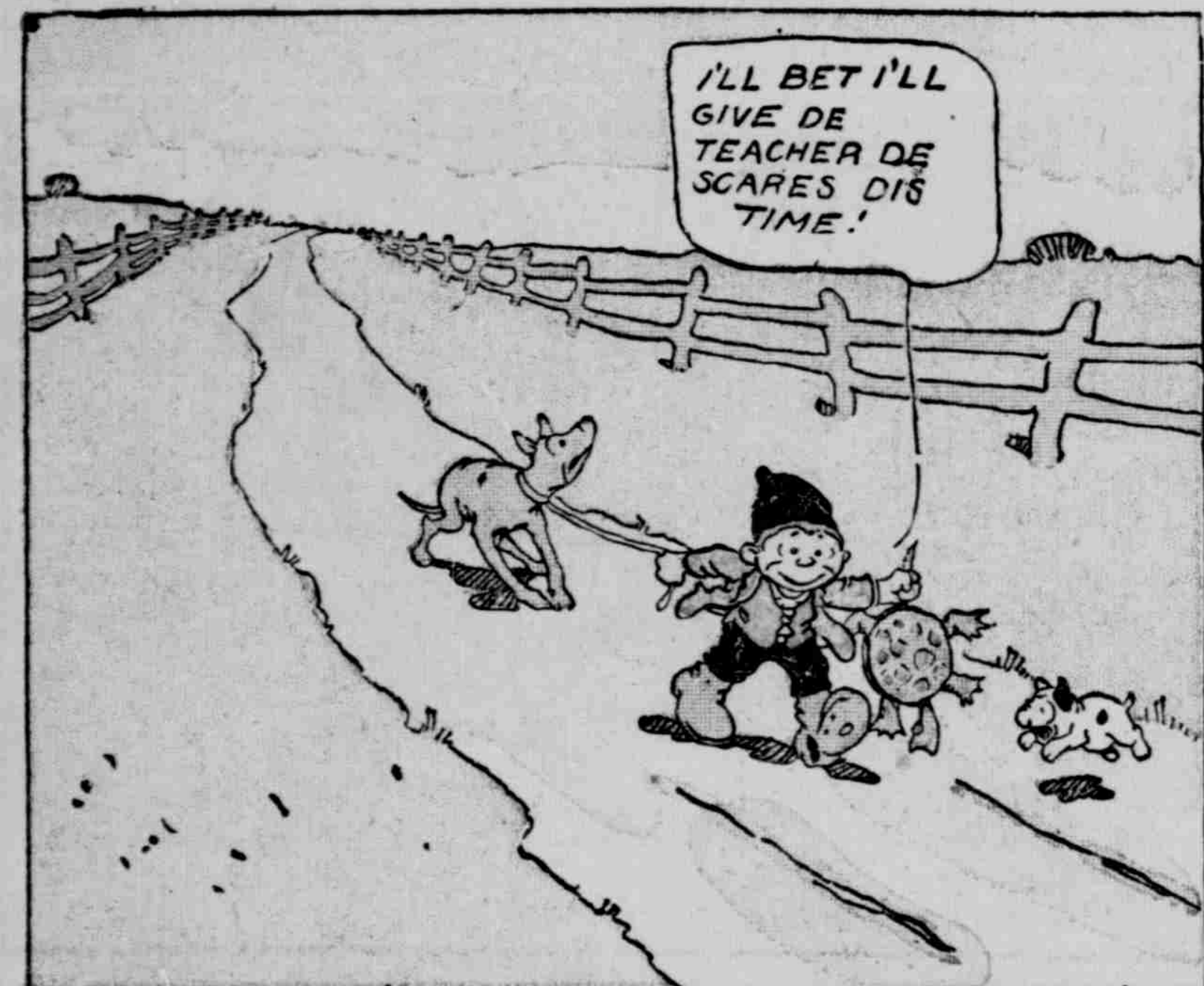
5. "You see, th' idea wus to make 'em think on deck that th' critter gave us a awful tussel, an' so bein' artful, we scratched ourselves up a bit an' smashed things around general, not overlookin' th' cabin furniture, an' th' capt'n's maps an' things. Yes, sir, we kept it up till we'd hollered ourselves hoarse, th' crew bein' afeared t' venture below.



6. "You ought t' o' seen th' look 'at came over old Cap Walrus' face when we rushed on deck 'ith th' crew cheerin'! You see, he'd figgered on us bein' et up alive. It ain't necessary t' say 'at we wus heroes fer th' rest o' that vi'ge, an' th' old man keo' out o' our way till that fool parrut finally squealed, bein' a female, an' couldn't keep a secret."

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LITTLE ABE CORNCOB THE VICTIM OF HIS OWN TRAP



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